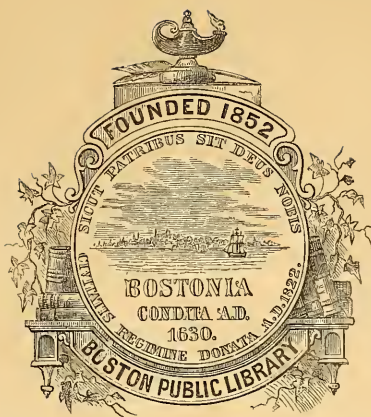


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A HISTORICAL POEM READ ON THE

Centennial Anniversary

— OF ITS —

INCORPORATION.

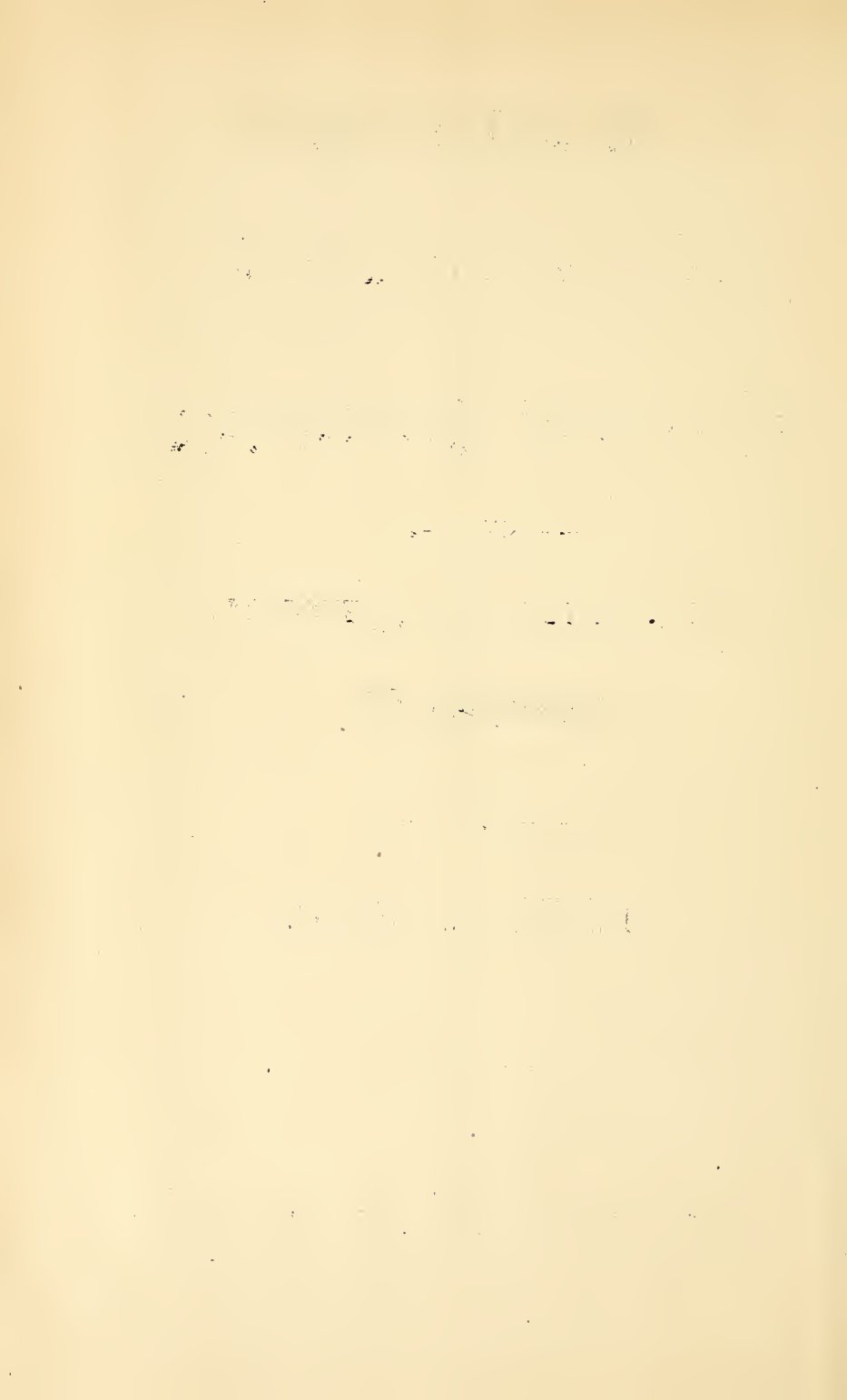
February 19th, 1881.

— BY —

OLIVER N. BACON.

Ryder & Morse, Printers.

1881.



—+— NATICK —+—

A Historical Poem.

Let others tell (not ours the bitter song)
Which speaks of Indians hundred years of wrong—
That gave into the white men's greedy hands,
All these most pleasant streams and hunting lands ;
All have heard from father's closing life,
Of burning buildings and the assassin's knife,
How fiendlike men in rascality most bold.
Cheated the simple Indian for gold ;
Allured his footsteps into dens of shame,
From whence the desolating besom came,
Which of all other wrongs makes up the sum
Of Indian miseries—cursed W. India rum.
But who shall say that early Indian life,
Was simply nothing but discordant strife !
And when those dusky warrior's fairly sold,
Furs wampum or land, for white men's gold;
They whet their sharpest talons night and day
For Yankee conflict with the birds of prey ?
There are today with sapient eye serene,
In hope and peace secure and conscience clean,
Within whose shoes the pine wood safely rests,
Whose smaller lots some marks of fraud attest,
Whose beamless sight most clearly can descry,
This little mote within the father's eye.
Let all those men rejoice that no such stains,
E'er dim'd the fair fame of Natick plains.
When white men settled where these streamlets ran
a Disease had finished what their wars began.
We leave these savage men and deeds of yore,
To men of earlier times and deeper lore,
Ours be the task the story to rehearse,
In simplest numbers of homespun verse ;
How sped a century on Natick soil,
With nought but white men's brains and white men's toil.

(a) Yellow fever or small pox had swept off all the aboriginals proprietors.

Our ancient homesteads standing here and there,
 Whose fading forms time's hastening flight declare,
 The mossy tombstones of our buried sires,
 The oft unearthing of the redman's fires.
 Those hoary heights which morning loves to gild,
 Those treasured stores which age alone can build,
 Proclaim aloud to valley, hill and tree,
 The happy close of one ripe century.
 Since first our struggling fathers round them saw,
 Midst new born freedom thrown the forms of law,—
 Saw clearly laid by clerkdrawn statute down,
 The legal rights and rules of Natick town.

Two centuries and thirty years beside,
 Are rolling out today their latest tide,
 Since o'er these glad hills and valleys rolled,
 The tale by Christian Eliot told;
 Since there he stood beneath that aged oak,
 And truth and duty to the redman spoke.
 Beauty and romance in rich tints appear,
 Around the apostle as he lingered here,
 Where in vales which then heard other sounds
 Do busy farmers till their fertile grounds,
 Art spread abroad its thousand cunning arms,
 As peaceful nature then her richest charms.

“On Boston heights let British standards fly,
 Till all be mine beneath the western sky;”
 King George had cried in all the pride of state,
 But met of headstrong will the common fate,
 The baffled king in honors flattering bloom,
 Not glory met but madness and his doom,
 His foes derision and his subjects blame,
 He stole to death from madness and from shame,
 Perhaps the crazy monarch never knew,
 How many real friends he had and true;
 For he had searched a British map in vain,
 For Natick's lakes and hills and Pegan plain,
 But friends were here whose love was strong.
 For mother land old England right or wrong.

Men too were here, as records plainly show,
 Who met on battle field the gaudy foe,
 Piled Bunker's heights with red coats newly slain.
b And left on Monmouth's field the sanguine stain.

One century thus of Indian strife
 Then one hundred years of corporate life,
 Rife with the cries that load the scented gale,
 When selfish men their brother men assail,
 And spotted o'er with every blot or charm.
 Which vary life in workshop or on farm;
 And all those primal landmarks are set down
 Which tell the story of this Indian town.

c E're yet from battlefields for freedom's sway
 The lurid bloodshed smoke had rolled away,
 While war's red trophies o'er the land were spread,
 And high and low were mingled with the dead,
 When many a hard won field in bloody fight,
 Left hovering victory doubtful where to light.
 Our town (not then from English bondage free)
 Claimed for itself both law and liberty,
 But the land then but a shelving strip,
 Whose eagle banners now so proudly dip,
 Their gaudy fringes in the western sea,
 Not yet beheld its year of Jubilee.
 But soon the coarse harsh notes of warfare cease
 And sires and matrons hail the dawn of peace.
 From hill to hill the welcome tidings fly,
 The guns proclaim it and the signals cry,
 Down goes the laborer's hod the school boy's book.
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Cornwallis' army's took,
 Ah ! what a time by land and sea and shore,
 The drums loud rattle and the cannon's roar ;
 Old gray haired neighbors meeting—have you heard ?
 And then a choke—and not another word,
 In every house the folks all wild with joy.

(b) Not a poetical license for a resident of Natick was slain in the battle of Monmouth, fought the 28, and 29, of June 1778.

(c) Peace was declared in 1783, the town incorporated in 1781.

Each fond kind parent looking for their boy,
 Bang go the guns from every ship and fort,
 Cheer rings on cheer and sport succeeds to sport,
 The vanquished red coats leave their broken bands,
 And seek a refuge in their native land,
 Content on meaner foes to spend their ire,
 Nor dare the freeman's steel the Yankee's fire.

Such are the passing scenes—a town appears—
 Count in their rapid flight one hundred years,
 Tell all its varied population o'er—
 From thirty to four hundred score and more,
d See floods of fire with its destructive rain,
 Lay low the shrine of prayer, the marts of gain,
e Learning's friends with grateful hearts endorse,
 At south our own, at north the name of Morse;
 See beauty blunt on fops her choicest dart,
 Then ask the homage of a lettered heart;
 See unchained passions land in gulfs of shame;
 Wealth's proud claimants for the trump of fame,
 While strong willed industry and prudent care,
 Raised son of poverty to the Senate's chair,
 These are the known events past times distill,
 To tell of Natick life the good and ill.

Let careful study seek for here 'twill find
 Of body every shape and phase of mind,
 See busy life in laborer's trappings drest,
 And fashion's votaries slaves to her behest:
 Poverty in rags no skill can hide—
 Wealth in the silks that fortune gives to pride,

Who'er with care the century shall review,
 Will see three different Naticks old and new,
 The first was grafted on the Saxon stock.

d Great fire of 12th Jan. 1874 which burned the Cong. Meeting-house, and all of Main Street.

e Free Library founded at So. Natick by Oliver Bacon in 1878. And the Morse Institute, centre, founded by Mary Ann Morse by will dated the 27th of October 1854.

And claimed a portion in old Plymouth rock.
 Full one-half of all the century's space,
 This was the sole the leading christian race,
 With frames of adamant and souls of fire,
 No dangers fright them and no labors tire ;
 Strong common sense without the schools suffice,
 To make them moral, good and wise,
 And thus they laid on strong foundations down,
 The now fair structure of this famous town.
 Theirs was the rural town now nearly fled,
 Whose days with toil whose nights with slumber sped,
 Scores of Yankee farmers crowned with peace and health,
 And their best riches ignorance of wealth.
 The tinkling cow bell and the echoing horn,
 Greeted their ears at early night and morn ;
 f From new made homes is seen by boys and girls,
 The smoke that o'er their father's chimney curls,
 They have no care, no need in fortune's quest,
 For venturous wanderings east or west.
 Tho' bound in want to toil serene and gay,
 They walk life's course and sing their cares away,
 They meet each Sabbath and in worship join,
 With no quartette to grab their scanty coin,
 And daily from their household alters raise,
 Both heart and voice in their Creator's praise.
 Now homes of wealth and blocks of brick repose,
 Where then in peace their scattered houses rose,
 g And in that "hemlock" shade and sylvan creek:
 (Unheard the firebells call the engine shriek,)
 All was as calm as peaceful and as mild,
 As night's soft slumbers on the unweaned child.

But soon from north and east a voice is heard,
 And Natick workshops catch the echoed word,
 From where N. Hampshire's granite mountains bare

(f) In allusion to the alleged fact that the children married within sight of their father's chimney.

(g) "The hemlocks" covered that part of the village between the dike and and west Central street and the sylvan creek was between the railroads.

Their hoary foreheads to diviner air,
 Where Maine's Katahdin o'er the horizon shines,
 And broad Penobscot dashes through the pines,
 They come, youth's ardent hopes their journey cheers,
 A father's blessing and a mother's tears,
 Ambitious Wilsons crowd the open gate,
 Athirst for wealth, or burning to be great ;
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,
 Caught from the strong contagion of the town.
 These hills and plains themselves the impulse feel,
 Roused by the blows the fiery youngsters deal;
 New sights—new sounds—the fire steed's burning eye
 Sweeping with the breath of the whirlwind by
 And the distant tones of his startling neigh,
 As he flies in pride o'er his steel bound way,
 New streets are made and the traveler sees,
 The green blind cottage midst clustering trees,
 And reads from daily sheets in Mammoth types,
 Of "corner lots for sale !" and "splendid sites! !"
 But foggy life is still upon the tract,
 And holds by curb these youthful Jehu's back,
 Tho' gas pipe set, and silver plated door,
 Tell them that farmer's rural life is o'er,
 And Erin's exile wanderers come to-claim,
 A home and succor in this fair domain.

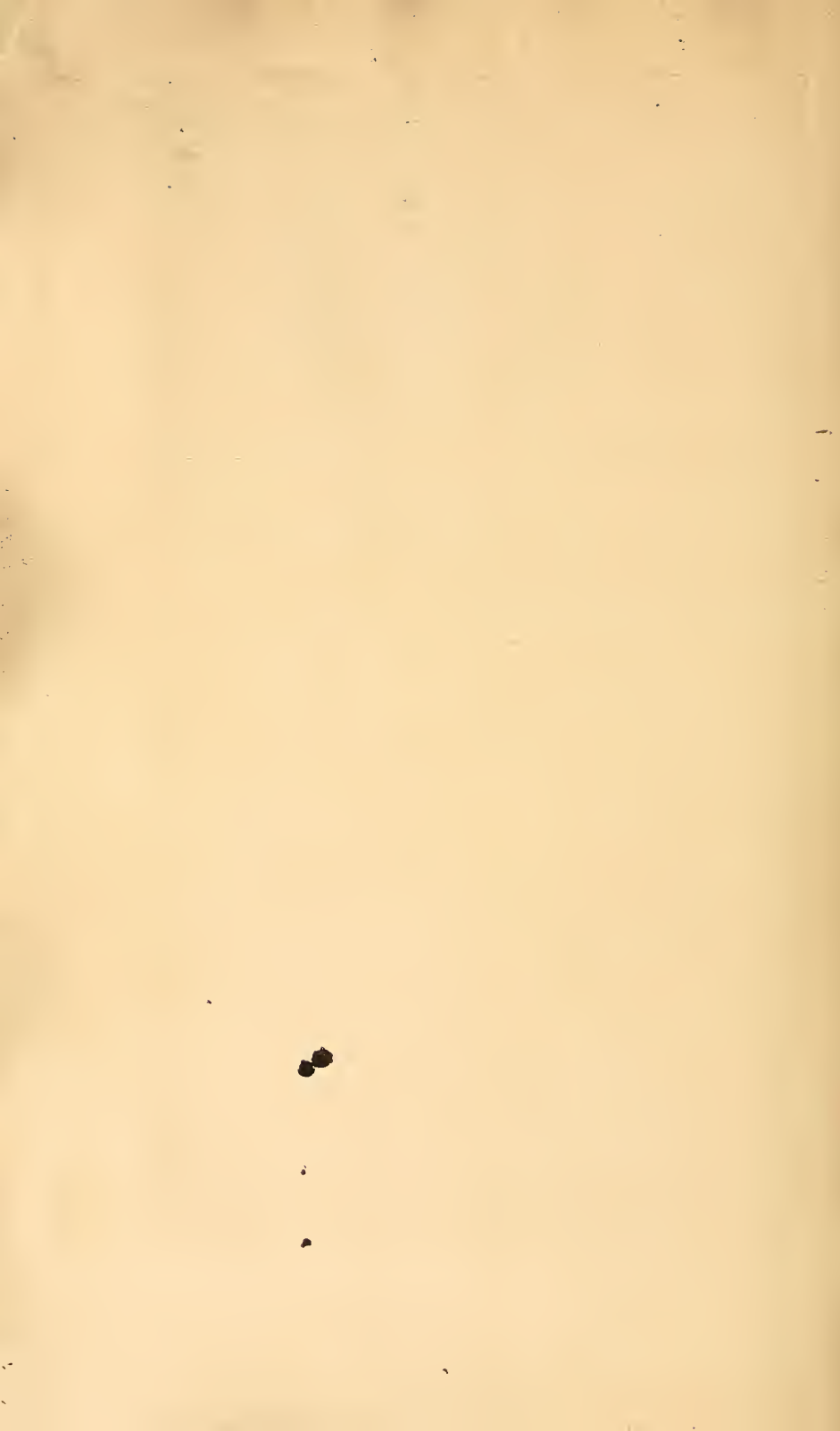
This is of Natick life the best and last,
 Which time and fortune in the town have cast,
 For while their sinewy arm the buildings rear,
 Their cheerful mirth the circling forests cheer.
 Blithe Irish lads are as jolly and fair,--
 On the side of the Charles as banks of the Clare,
 Their wit the same which native cabins heard,
 Their song the same which native echos stirred.
 We cannot tell for we have never seen,
 What is the Irish harp or shamrock green,
 How grew St. Patrick's staff within the Isle,
 When Shannon and Leffey do dimple and smile,
 Why Patrick and William, Margaret and Jaques,

Left stream silvered meadows, star jeweled lakes,
 Bade Tara's ancient hill and Killaneu,
 Glasnavin's shade and classic Boyne adieu,
 And sped their way the stormy ocean o'er,
 To seek a home upon this western shore.
 But a Yankee boy has a right to *guess*,
 They lov'd not Natick more but England less,
 And saw amid these snowy hills and wild,
 A home where health and ruddy freedom smiled.

New thoughts arise and other views engage,
 Unneeded lag my lines upon the stage,
 So why in story phrase this strain prolong,
 And lengthen out a final closing song
 Except to bid all sects and parties cheer,
 Whom chance and rolling years have gathered here.
 The scanty remnants of that early race,
 Whose farms divided form the modern place,
 Will still retain though liberals may deride
 That stern old faith in which our fathers died,
 But must we then because their lips reviled,
 That ancient creed—the trust of Erin's child,
 Must we be seeking in the crumbling past,
 For racks and fagots in their teeth to cast.
 Say why should Calvin's sons call "popish tricks"
 Those Latin prayers, that dangling crucifix?
 That surpliced prelate blest their father's grave,
 That "idol cross" their dying mothers gave.
 So to with other sects of various dies,
 Fruits of the past—the simple and the wise,
 From Roger Williams cast or Wesley's mould,
 Or cheerful christians, of the liberal fold;
 Why should they waste in bickering strife,
 The still receding years of waning life?
 In life's undoubted duties let our day,
 In social harmless pleasures pass away,
 Then when these short transient hours are o'er,
 "And we arrive on Canaan's shore,"
 If there's another world we live in bliss,
 If there is none we've made the most of this.



PAMPHLETS.
Matick.



THE NATICK CITIZEN

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1882.

NATICK, MAS

FIELD DAY!

H., N. H., AND L. SOCIETY!

HISTORIC RECOLLECTIONS!!

"Old Town!"

REDIVIVUS!

The Hist., Nat. Hist. and Library Society of South Natick, held a "Field Day meeting," on Monday, May 1st.

The museum was open to the public from 10 to 12 o'clock a. m. A company numbering about two hundred persons assembled near the Eliot Unitarian Church. As the President could not be present, Elijah Perry, Esq., of the Committee of Arrangements, called the meeting to order and spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: We, the members of this society, with our many friends, have met on this, our second annual field day, to look far back into the ancient and "Oldtown" localities, to try to pick up a few scraps of history that may be of interest to the present and future generations. There has long been felt a desire that the localities named in Mrs. Stowe's book of "Oldtown Folks," be pointed out, and this we intend to do to-day as far as we go.

While there are a number of persons living who remember persons and localities named in the book, it is believed there is but one person living who is made to appear in it, viz. Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, or Horace Holyoke, who was born here.

The various places described will be found arranged in the order in which they were visited.

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND.

REV. J. P. SHEAFE.

In selecting a spot for the burial of the dead, it was a custom among the Indians to choose a warm, sunny slope, and whenever such a spot could be found on the shore of a lake, or, still better, on the bank of a running stream, it was especially pleasing to the Indian mind.

It will readily appear that the place where we now stand would meet most admirably the conditions of the ideal Indian Burying Ground a southern slope where the river, unobstructed by dam or fall, sang ever its low and soothing melody.

This place was chosen at a very early date, and set apart as a place sacred to the memory of the dead.

Where the old-town pump stood for so many years, and where the drinking-fountain now stands, is about the centre of the burying ground, and as far as the present sources of information avail, the boundaries may be given as follows:

Beginning with the Eliot Oak, at the east side of the Unitarian Church, and extending in a straight line to a point near the corner of the school yard, just in the rear of the church, thence the bound sweeps round toward the farther end of Merchants' Block, the residence of Mr. J. B. Clark, from this point we follow across the street in front of the Bacon Free Library, and down over the green in the rear of the building nearly to the southeast corner of the enclosure, where, in times gone by, stood the residence of the Old Town Deacon Badger.

From this point we run the line back again to the Eliot Oak, from which we started, including on the way the grave of Daniel Takawambait, the head-stone of which may be seen in the edge of the sidewalk near the front of the residence of Mrs. White. The foot-stone, with the name of the Indian preacher inscribed, has been placed, with many other historic stones, in the wall of the Bacon Free Library.

Looking at this spot as it presents itself to-day, with its wide and much-travelled highways centering here, there is little to suggest the secluded quietness of an Indian burial place.

The change which has come to the inhabitants of this valley has transformed also the face of the earth.

been fulfilled, "The valley has been exalted and the hills made low."

Let the imagination picture what memory fails to grasp, and you shall see this place in 1651, when the apostle Eliot and the Indians located here, a smooth rolling slope from the heights of Carver Hill down to the bank of the stream. When at length the roads were laid out they were not exactly as at present located.

The street from Wellesley, or West Needham, as it was then called, did not extend in front of the church as now, but turned toward the north, passing at the rear of the church and on to the north part of the town.

The Sherborn road, the ancient records inform us, lay farther to the west, passing in the rear of what is now the estate of Mr. John Robbins, back of the school-house as it now stands, and meeting the West Needham road a short distance beyond.

The place whereon we stand was holy ground, and it is only with the increase of business and traffic that the busy feet and laboring wheels have made thoroughfares over these sacred relics of a race almost though not entirely extinct.

To my knowledge there is but one Indian grave stone now standing in this place to mark the spot and record the name of a son of the forest, whose dust reposed here. That one stone which now remains was erected to the memory of Daniel Takawambait, an Indian preacher whom the apostle Eliot ordained to assist him in the years of failing strength, and to carry on the work when his departure was at hand.

This Indian preacher died Sept. 17, 1716, as the humble slab relates, and the stone may be seen by the fence near the front of Mrs. White's residence. The Eliot monument on the common betokens the grateful memory of his labors here.

Had the record been preserved, we might to-day point with a feeling of melancholy interest to the graves of such as Thomas Waban and Thomas, Jr., Deacon Joseph Ephraim, one of the deacons of the church at the time the Rev. Oliver Peabody was minister here. John Speen and all his kindred lie here; this was the Indian family who formerly owned nearly all the land of the original town, and they gave it to the public interest here, that the praying Indians might have a town.

The names of many others who have been conspicuous in the early history of

this town deserve honorable mention here, such as Samuel and Andrew Abraham, Simon Ephraim, Solomon Thomas, Benjamin Tray, Thomas Pegan, for whom Pegan Hill was named, Joshua Bran, the Indian doctor, these and many more have their names and deeds written in the sacred dust of this consecrated spot.

When Mr. Wm. Bigelow, in 1830, wrote his excellent, though brief, history of of Natick, he states that within his memory the remains of Indians were brought to this burying ground and deposited beneath the green slope of yonder common.

It is hardly possible to this day to remove the earth anywhere within the limits described without opening these Indian graves.

When the present face wall was built around the church green, many of these graves were disturbed, and when the water pipes were laid through the street from the church to Merchants' Block, it passed directly over a long row of Indian graves.

It is a well-known fact that the Indians have a custom of burying various articles in the grave with the departed. Many of these things have been found in the graves that have been opened, articles such as beads, spoons, Indian pipes, a glass bottle, and Indian kettle. Many of these relics have been preserved and may be seen in the historic collection of this village.

THE OLD CEMETERY.

REV. J. P. SHEAFE.

The burying ground commonly referred to by us as the Old Cemetery, to distinguish it from the new one consecrated but a few years ago, is a piece of land lying close to northern limit of the Indian Burying ground. It was granted the Proprietors of Natick to the Rev. Oliver Peabody and his successors June 22nd 1731, and for the use also of other English inhabitants. It is an historic spot made memorable as the resting place of many of the old and time honored families of this village. Such family names as Bigelow spelled then without the "E." Biglow, Bacon, Jones, Stowe, Sawin, Thayer and Broad, these names with others that might have honorable mention call up an ancestry of which the present generation need not be ashamed. As this burying ground was granted to Rev. Oliver Peabody the English minister who succeeded John Eliot in 1721, you would expect to find his name

among these who here, "Have laid them down to their sleep." You will not be disappointed. A very plain and humble slab, mossgrown with more than a hundred years, with its latin inscription comemorates the virtues, the wisdom and devoted labors of this Christian minister.

His four children were buried here. On one of the stones we find the name of David Morse, born in 1696, worthy of note as being the *third* white settler in this place. John Sawin being the first and Jonathan Carver the second.

Many of the characters who were once conspicuous figures in the life of this village have been immortalized in Mrs. Stowe's Old Town Folks. The names of some of these characters who have found here their resting place in this spot shall have mention now. Having some slight preference for the clergy, I begin with Parson Lothrop whose real name was Stephen Badger and an inscription upon his stone gives the following statement, "as a tribute of affectionate respect this stone is placed while memory fond, each virtue shall renew."

Lady Lothrop was not buried here, but you will note the grave of Dr. Thayer, her family physician, and also of Anna Moore, an attendant in the house. Call to your mind also the character of Dea. Badger and wife, whose real names were Dea. Wm. Biglow and wife.

In mentioning the name of good Parson Lothrop and wife, we must not fail to remember one who with a conscientious fidelity and a uniform courtesy always acceptable, administered the temporal affairs for Lady Lothrop in her declining years. The name of John Atkins will ever remind us of a pillar of strength in every good cause. If his posterity shall emulate his example, and practice his virtues, little will remain to be desired.

Remember Uncle Bill, Dea. Badger's son, who used to come home from college and stir up the boys with all sorts of stories and college frolics, and make Sunday afternoon a little more cheerful than Aunt Lois thought was proper, though even she did enjoy seeing his cheerful face and hearing his merry laugh.

Uncle Bill, really the son of Dea. Biglow, was the author of the history of Natick before alluded to. Uncle Bill and his sister, and Aunt Lois also have their resting place recorded in this ancient cemetery. There are many other names that might

have honorable mention. Col. Jones, who was John Jones, Esq., Maj. Broad, really Hezekiah Broad. Not by any means the least, but the last to be mentioned, is the father, mother and brother of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, who, as a boy and young man, is found as Horace Holyoke in Old Town Folks. Though the father, mother and brother here repose, thanks to a kindly providence, the illustrious Horace Holyoke is still among the living. I said last, but when I mention the names of the illustrious and the faithful, I cannot omit one other name, whose face and faithful labor are still fresh in memory, and I close this sketch of the old cemetery with the name of Rev. Horatio Alger, who with three of his family are resting here.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSES.

REV. J. P. SHEAFE.

The first meeting house erected upon this spot was a plain wooden house 25x50 ft., of English style, and two stories in height.

John Eliot went into the forest himself with the Indians while they felled and squared the timber, and then the Indians carried the timbers on their shoulders to the place of building. One white carpenter assisted in raising the building, and it was soon completed. That was in 1651.

As this building was to serve the place of church and schoolhouse, store house and study, it must be a safe place, so they surrounded it with a large handsome fort, circular in form, and palisaded with trees. This was the *first* meeting house.

In 1699 the Indians petition the general court, saying, "our church is fallen down, and we wish to sell to John Collier, Jr., carpenter, a small nook of our plantation, to pay him for erecting a new meeting house." John Collier went forward with the work, was obliged, as he says, to expose his own estate for sale to meet the expense of building the house, and in 1702 the general court granted him the land upon which he was already living, as pay for building the meeting-house.

This was the second house on this spot built about 1700. The evidence for this you will find in the files at the State house.

A new minister, Mr. Oliver Peabody, comes in 1721 to live and labor in this Indian settlement. It is a great event, and great enthusiasm prevails. As a matter of course, the Collier meeting-house is only 21 years old, but a new minister must have a new meeting house. On the old records

we read that in 1720 a meeting of the people was called to consider the plan of a new meeting house. A committee was chosen and empowered to have the new house built near the spot where the old one stood. Surely they would not empower the committee to build a new house near where the old one stood, if they meant by it that the committee were to repair and refit the old house, as some have supposed. But it is evident that the work of building the new house was carried forward at once, for on the 13th of September, 1721, the record says, a meeting of the proprietors was properly named, at which time they granted unto Moses Smith, of Needham, 40 acres of land on the southerly side of Pegan Hill, said land to pay for finishing the meeting house.

This was the Peabody meeting house, and the third on this spot; and when the people went in and out on Sunday, they used to step across the ditch which surrounded the circular fort in the days of Eliot.

The fourth meeting house is the Badger house, or the Parson Lothrop church, which was raised on June 8, 1749, and John Jones, deacon of the church, made the record at the time. But affairs were in a troublous state. The Indians and the English interest were divided, and the Badger meeting house was not entirely finished till 1767. This house remained standing, though in a sorry condition, until 1812, when the young men in an election frolic pulled it down, and distributed it upon the neighboring woodpile.

Thus ended the fourth meeting house, and after the lapse of sixteen years, the present edifice was erected, and dedicated November 20, 1828, the fifth meeting house upon this spot, and a lineal descendant of the Eliot church, which name it bears.

The company next proceeded to

THE OLD ELIAKIM MORRILL TAVERN.

S. B. NOYES, OF CANTON, GRANDSON OF ELIAKIM MORRILL.

On the 29th of April, 1782 (one hundred years ago), my maternal grandfather, Eliakim Morrill, made his first purchase of two and one-quarter acres and thirty-three rods of land of the heirs of Jonathan Carver, which land is now occupied by this (Bailey's) hotel building, Mrs. Bailey's dwelling, J. H. Robbin's dwelling, and the school-house buildings and yard.

On this land he built a tavern which he kept for seventeen years, followed by Ebenezer Newell, David Dana, Peter Twichell, Luther Dana, John Brown, Samuel Jones, Calvin Shephard, Job Brooks, Wm. Drake, Daniel Chamberlain, John Gilman, James Whittemore. Goin Bailey took it in 1849 and kept it till his death in 1875. The tavern which Eliakim Morrill built stood till March 2, 1872, when it was destroyed by fire, and Mr. Bailey erected this hotel on the old site in 1873. It has become famous, and is known throughout the country and is visited by persons from all parts of the United States; not only for its salubrious location and the historical renown of the town, but also for the picturesque and charming scenery of its neighborhood and the excellence of its management. And yet probably it does not so fill the public eye, nor is it so much a part of the life of the people as was the humble, unpretentious Inn, before which the sign-board swung, in those first seventeen years, when Eliakim Morrill, and Ruth (Russell) his wife, dispensed its hospitality and entertained weary and hungry travellers, sheltering man and beast from the storms of winter; when fires of hickory and oak wood blazed upon the wide open hearth, in the low-studded "common room," and the loggerheads were always heating in the coals, and the fragrant smell of the turkeys, or beef, or pork roasting on the spit before the open fire place in the kitchen filled all the house. There were no railroads and no stage-coaches then, and nearly all the travel on this road between the cities of Boston and New York, was on horseback or in rude wagons.

Whatever idea of my grandfather may have been conceived by the readers of the caricature of him in that remarkable book, "Old Town Folks," (announced to be the production of Harriet, daughter of the late Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., who became the wife of a learned and distinguished Professor of Sacred Literature, born and raised in this village, the incidents of whose early life are well known to me) this may be said of him, that he and his wife, Ruth Russell, were praying christians; and my mother, Elizabeth Morrill, who was born in the front northwest chamber of the old tavern, in 1788, and her brother, Joseph Morrill, who was born there two years later, were accustomed to attend the family prayers in that room, which their

father never omitted, morning or evening, till his last sickness and death in 1825, in the Dedham village. I can recal' his manner of conducting this devotional exercise in my early boyhood, when he used to read a chapter in Scott's Family Bible, and then pausing, he would say, "Practical Observations." and read what those who are familiar with that Bible will recognize. He was a good man, was born in Wilmington, Mass., and was the son of Rev. Isaac Morrill, who was the son of Abraham Morrill, of Salisbury, Mass., who came to New England in 1632, was a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery in 1638, came to Salisbury in 1650, and there died in 1682.

Jacob Morrill, his son, was the Representative from Salisbury in 1689. Rev. Isaac Morrill, son of Jacob, was born at Salisbury May 20, 1718, was graduated at Harvard College in 1737, settled in the ministry at Wilmington, Mass., May 20, 1741, died August 17, 1793, leaving five sons, Isaac, Eliakim, James, William and Nathaniel, and two daughters, Nabby and Dolly. Isaac studied medicine and settled in that part of the town set off to Needham, and died at the age of 93 in the house now belonging to the Hunnewell's, and called by them the Morrill House (as Mr. Hollis Hunnewell, present here to-day, informs me). James became an opulent East India merchant, at the head of India wharf, Boston, and was deacon of the first church in 1825. Nathaniel lived on the homestead in Wilmington. William was a physician in the western part of the State. Eliakim was born in 1751, and was thirty-one years of age when he built the Old Tavern. He removed from Natick to Dedham about the year 1799. He and his household were members of the ancient first church of Dedham during the pastorate of Rev. Joshua Bates. When Mr. Bates, in 1818, left the pastorate to become the President of Middlesex College, Vt., and a successor was ordained by the parish without the vote of the church, the majority of the church seceded and formed a new society, known to-day as the "Allen Church," having taken the name of the first minister of the Dedham church, Rev. John Allen, in 1638. He went with them and was a pillar in the new church to the day of his death, in 1825. The late Rev. Ebenezer Burgess, D. D., who was ordained first pastor of the new society in 1821, in a note to a centennial discourse delivered

by him Nov. 8, 1838, mentions Eliakim Morrill as one of the aged members of the church who had died within a few years, "whose names are written in the book of life." He could not have been of the frivolous character depicted in "Old Town Folks." He died forty years before the book was published. Calvin Stowe hardly ever saw him after he left Natick for Dedham in 1799, and Harriet Beecher never saw him. The traditions of Eliakim Morrill in the Bigelow family, as related by the mother of Prof. Stowe are too shadowy, too much colored, by the peculiar eccentric love of mirth which characterized William Biglow and Calvin Stowe, and William Stowe his brother, to be believed as truth. Let us honor our ancestry by disbelieving it. But let that pass. This old tavern stand will never cease to be an interesting spot in this town. The old tavern was famous in its day and generation, and like the Inns made famous in London by Ben Johnson and Sir Walter Raleigh and Shakspeare, Beaumont and Sam Johnson, Goldsmith, Cooper, Dickens. I delight to dwell upon its picture as presided over by my grandfather, not as he was in his old age when he used to take me with him in a square topped one horse shay, from Dedham to Boston a distance of ten miles, and back in the same day—he dressed in short clothes, black silk stockings, silver knee buckles and shoe buckles; we stopped at every tavern on the road;—but as a younger man, a host on hospitable thoughts intent as he was always in his later years. I associate his Inn with the Inn sung by the polished muse of William Shenstone in the lines

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble Inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win:
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an Inn.

Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

The present keeper of this Inn, Almon

Aley, is a worthy son of a worthy sire, and still maintains the good name of the old tavern, built by Eliakim Morrill, in 1782.

MERCHANTS' BLOCK.

WM. EDWARDS.

There is but little that can be said of this spot, except that it was once owned by Samuel Stowe, who occupied it as a dwelling and a bake shop. It was here that

Prof. Stowe was born. Isaac B. Clark, our well-known treasurer and citizen, bought the land with a small building of a Mr. Melroy, a tailor, in 1842, since which it has been occupied by him and myself. In 1860 Mr. Clark moved off the old buildings and built a new store, which was burned in 1872, and was the same year replaced by this building. It may not be out of place here to relate an anecdote that took place between two rival families. Mr. G. kept a dry goods store with groceries, rum, gin, brandy, etc., on the north side, while Mr. E., with the same kind of goods, occupied the opposite side of the street. Being opposite traders, it became very easy for them to become opponents in trade. Once on a time robbers broke into the store of Mr. G. These robbers took down all the valuable goods, tied them in bundles, and then went off and left them on the counter, which was a great wonder to the people, till Mr. E. explained the mystery by saying, "He has always marked his goods so high that even his own friends wouldn't take them."

THE EBENEZER NEWELL HOUSE.

A. P. CHENEY.

Among the heirs at law of the estate of Jonathan Carver of this town were two spinsters, the Misses Lydia and Abigail Carver. In Nov. 1795 these ladies sold this lot of land to Ebenezer Newell, a butcher, who probably built this house soon after that date, and dwelt here about twenty-one years. Mr. Newell's children, including two sons, and six daughters, may be esteemed a remarkable family, for while one son was content to follow his fathers calling the other children were more ambitious. The son William became a Doctor of Divinity, and his sisters, who, chiefly by their own exertions, secured for themselves superior education, fitting them to grace high social positions, became distinguished as teachers, and the husbands of those who were married, were eminent men in the church and other

walks in high life.

Mellen Battle the next owner, bought the estate Nov. 16, 1816. He was an ingenious mechanic, and invented some improvement in wheels, or method of manufacturing them, which led to the erection of a factory at the southerly end of the dam in this village for the purpose of supplying the market with his goods. But this enterprise proved a failure, and in consequence Mr. Battle's title to this house and land passed into the hands of Mr. Warren White, who sold to Calvin Shepherd in 1822.

Mr. Shepherd owned the adjoining estate on which Merchant's Block now stands, and was at different times a paper maker, a trader and also landlord of the tavern. He afterwards removed to Framingham and engaged in trade there, but becoming insolvent, his property was transferred to Messrs. Macomber and Sawin, merchants in Boston, and by that firm it was sold to Martin Broad.

Mr. Broad was a man of energy and as a farmer and a butcher he did a large business and gave employment to quite a force of men during a long term of years. His social standing was high, and his house, famed for its lavish hospitality was the frequent resort of the best society of this and neighboring towns, during the time he occupied it.

In 1860 or early in the following year, Messrs. J. and W. Cleland purchased the estate and Mr. John Cleland made it his home until his removal to Natick village in 1882.

Since that time it has had several owners, among them Albert Mann, who manufactured shoes here several years, also Aaron Claffin of Milford, by whom it was sold at auction in 1865 or thereabout, Mr. Patrick Welch becoming the owner. It has been a tenement house from that time to the present.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

E. PERRY.

Samuel Lawton (Lawson of Old Town notoriety) purchased this land (deed dated June 6, 1798) and soon after built the house as it now stands, except that it has been moved back 16 feet. He used the basement for a blacksmith shop. Lawton occupied this place until 1812, when it was sold to Mr. Benjamin Bird, a blacksmith, who came from Needham and lived there till his death, in 1836. His heirs contin-

ned to occupy it till they sold to the present owner, Mr. Wm. Selfe. Nearly opposite, in a northerly direction, stood a small house, one story with basement, below the road, which had been occupied by Mr. Thomas Holbrook, a gunsmith. On leaving his former residence, Lawton moved into this place, and here lived until 1828, when he moved to Lower Falls, Newton, and died January 22, 1862, aged 88 years. His shop stood near the large oak, and was taken down in 1828.

THE CARVER HOUSE.

M. P. RICHARDS.

Read by H. L. MORSE.

The Carver family were among the first settlers in this place. Their house was one of the earliest built frame houses in the period when the red men far outnumbered the white men. It was situated on the southeast slope of Carver Hill, which took its name from this ancient family. The descent of the hill is gradual to the Charles river, but intersected by the Main street, which made favorite building spots overlooking the river and the south side, away to the beautiful Pegan Hills.

Here in our early history lived Jonathan Carver and his noted family of five daughters, his nearest neighbor on his right being Jacob Pratt, and next in close proximity the esteemed Indian Dr. Joshua Brann. They were famed for the harmony and good will in which they ever lived. The Carvers retained their homestead and it came to the possession of the daughter, Betsey Carver, a spinster, who patronizingly took a widowed, childless sister with her in her humble home. Many anecdotes of Betty Carver's bustling activities, of what Betty Carver said and did, and of her ballad singing and keeping time on the treadle of her flax spinning wheel, has amused many a family circle.

Times moves onward and we find in the early days of this century Daniel Hartshorn, with his wife, Rebecca Morse, daughter of David Morse, installed in the Carver mansion. He was a carpenter, and was soon transforming the humble one-story house to a two-story square roofed house. The front yard was terraced and a face wall was built and a low fence placed upon it. The Hartshorn family left in 12 or 14 years, and settled in Boylston, Mass.

A few years passed and found Dr. Thayer, our new family physician with his bride, settled here, and everything flour-

ished again. The front yard was beds of flowers, and the house beautified with climbing roses and honeysuckle.

To this historic house our patron, Mr. Oliver Beacon, in the commencement of his married life settled, and began his successful career, which, we trust, will ever be a blessing to coming generations.

We indulge a hope, and with some promise for it, that the height of land once Carver Hill will be a nucleus for a public park, and being surrounded by ample wealth and good taste, that may in good time be a memorial of good will for the future. Since Mr. Bacon's ownership, the property has had many changes, and suffered the consequences of unfortunate occupants. Frequent changes have been made for the last 40 years, but with all changes we will hope that the name of Carver Hill may go to posterity.

THE PRATT HOUSE.

A. P. CHENEY.

The Pratt House or Walker House.—Of this house, long known as the "Pratt House, we have but little to say. It is supposed to be about one hundred and twenty-five years old. We find that in 1793 it was held by one Asa Adams, a physician, and that in the spring of the following year he sold it to Jacob Pratt, in whose family the title has remained ever since.

During a long period, while the owners were in New York, this house was occupied by tenants, among whom was one Lydia Ferritt a spinster, who had been a servant in the Welles family a long time, and she was supported by them in her old age. She was noted for her belief in the existence of witches, and that horseshoes were a sure protection from their evil influences. She always kept a horseshoe with the pot hooks and trammel upon the crane, and upon each of the outer doors, still holding herself one of the wise virgins she kept faithful watch, not for the expected bridegroom, but for any presumptuous witch who might ignore the armor of horseshoes and attack her stronghold; she told many stories of her discoveries, made during these vigils.

The present owner is Mr. Elliot Walker, whose wife is one of the daughters of Jacob Pratt, from whom she inherited a part, and the remainder was afterward purchased by Mr. Walker, who has now occupied it some fifteen years.

BADGER PLACE.

REV. J. P. SHEAFE.

This is the Parson Lothrop mansion of Old Town fame. Though we have not the certainty we could wish, we may say it was probably erected by Parson Lothrop about 1753. Strong substantial, tenacious of itself, it is a good type of the character of the Parson. He was much endeared to many of the Indians, as these beautiful elms testify. These are the trees of friendship which the Indians brought on their shoulders and planted here as a testimonial of their regard to him who ministered unto them. This was the home of Parson Lothrop until his death, and here Lady Lothrop also lived till the close of her life which took place within the memory of many now living. After the death of Lady Lothrop, the estate passed, by will into the possession of John Atkins, and successively, into the possession of Chester Adams and John Bacon, then to his son Oliver Bacon, who spent a large part of of a long life here. By his will, it descended to the heirs of Mr. Wm. Hickox, and by sale, to the hands of the present owner. Mr. Z. H. Stain, in whose thrifty hands it has been greatly improved without and within, both in comfort and appearance.

THE HEZEKIAH BROAD OR COOK HOUSE.

A. P. CHENEY.

In 1720, or about that time, a dam was built across the Charles River, nearly opposite this house, and a mill erected beside it by John Sawin, miller. But as the flowage brought complaint from the settlers at Medfield, Mr. Sawin moved his machinery to a new mill upon a stream near his house.

This Charles River property consisted of about an acre of land between the river and the road, the dam already built across the river, the works upon the dam and land adjoining, and all rights and privileges appertaining.

In July, 1733, Mr. Sawin sold this estate to one Hezekiah Broad, a clothier of Needham, and in the same month Mr. Broad bought other land of Rev. Oliver Peabody. Mr. Broad probably removed to Natick soon after the date of purchase, as he was elected to a town office March, 1734. This was the home of this Hezekiah Broad until he died May 18, 1752. He left a widow, a daughter Rebecca, and a son Hezekiah, who was but one year old at the time. This son became a man of marked charac-

ter, and in 1787, when 36 years old, he was elected delegate to the State convention, which on Feb. 6th, 1878, ratified the newly-framed constitution of the U. S. Mr. Broad voted against the ratification; but when it became the supreme, organic law of the land, he supported and defended it with the earnestness and heartiness of true patriotism which always distinguished him. He lived to the age of seventy-eight years, and died March 7, 1823. His son Hezekiah inherited the old homestead, and remained upon it till the year 1867, one hundred and thirty-four years

EN.

MAY 5, 1882.

er his grandfather settled there. The present house was erected by a family named Brown, who occupied it several years, and were succeeded by Mr. Cook, who now resides upon it.

REV. OLIVER PEABODY ESTATE.

E. PERRY.

Rev. Oliver Peabody estate. This estate was conveyed to him by Thomas Waban, son of Thomas Waban. Joseph Ephriam, Samuel Abraham, Solomon Thomas and Benjamin Tray were a committee chosen and appointed by the commons or proprietors of Natick, by Deed dated April 8, 1723. Mr. Peabody built a house and resided here until his death, Feb. 2, 1752. After which it was owned and occupied by Captain Brown, a retired sea captain, but for what length of time we do not know. It eventually passed into the ownership of Mr. John Bacon, and was successively occupied by various parties till about 1826, after which it stood unoccupied till 1867, when it was destroyed by an incendiary fire. The place has not been inhabited till the present house was built, which is owned by Geo. B. Damon. Over the little brook near the road for many years stood a saw mill. This place was selected by the Indians as a pleasant locality for their minister, it being so situated that from his study window he could see a goodly number of his red parishoners' dwellings.

About the year 1635 an expedition started from Watertown for the Connecticut

River, driving cattle, on foot through the thick woods, and, according to their minister's diary, camped on this ground the first night. Tradition says his diary, reads something in this wise:—We camped on the high ground near a cleft rock by the side of a brook, which empties into the Charles River a short distance below the rock. Now after nearly two hundred and fifty years may be seen the river, the brook, the rock, and the high grounds. Just two hundred years ago, in 1682, the Sherborn road, now Eliot street, was laid out by Edward West, John Collier, John Livermore, Samuel Howe and Obediah Morse.

S. B. SAWIN PLACE.

J. PARMENTER.

The first we know of this place, now owned and occupied by S. B. Sawin, is that it was purchased by Eleazer Goulding from Mrs. Sarah Lovering, of Boston, in 1783. Eleazer Goulding was the father of Curtis, and Curtis was the father of the present Eleazer Goulding, of South Framingham. The mother of Deacon Wight of Natick, was also daughter of the former Eleazer, (she was born in 1782,) he being grandfather of Deacon Wight. Mr. Goulding moved to Sherbon and probably rented this place. It passed into the hands of John Mann, and from him to his son Willard, then to a Mr. War, and finally to S. B. Sawin. It was occupied in 1876 by Beckwith & Co., contractors on the Boston water works. The next year the old house was taken down, and the present one was used by Willard Mann for a shoe factory, but has since been moved and fixed up for a dwelling house.

ESTY PLACE.

E. PERRY.

An ancient locality, for many years owned by the late Hon. John Welles, and his heirs, on the westerly side of Eliot street, northerly of the residence of Mr. Rufus Campbell, was long owned by Elijah Esty, a worthy citizen. After his decease it passed into the possession of his son Elijah, who with his wife Lydia and their daughter Sally as she was familiarly called, lived there until Jan. 1823 when Lydia died aged 83 years. Mr. Esty died Sept. 14 1824, aged 88 years. Mr. Esty was a worthy, high-minded citizen. In his latter days he would often express the wish to younger people, that they might not live to be as old and feeble as he was. He had been a musician in the French Revolutionary wars. The old part of the house had become so worn out and decayed that in

the night after his death, and while Sally alone was watching over his lifeless remains, it fell with a crash, into a heap of ruins.

This was a two-story house with two rooms. The newest part was probably built on for the son. The fire-places were large enough to take in eight feet wood. Sally died Dec. 1853, aged 76 years, and now rests with her respected parents in the So. Natick burial ground, and we who remember her, respect her especially for her filial devotion to her aged parents. We doubt not that their spirits blend in harmony in that better land.

THOMAS SAWIN AND DESCENDANTS.

HORACE MANN.

This estate was traversed in early times by the path which led from Natick to Pocasset Hill in Sherborn, and from there to Mendon and the Nipmuck region beyond, and was one of the routes from Massachusetts to Connecticut. Eliot, Gookin, Rawson, and others who were interested in the Indian mission, often passed this way on their journeys to and from the Nipmuck country. And by this path came Oneco, the son of Uncas, with his fifty Mohicans, to join his English allies at Boston in June, 1675, in the expedition against King Philip.

"They came by the way of Natick, and were joined by two Englishmen from there and by some of the Naticks," reads the account of their arrival at Boston.

The Sawin estate borders upon the eight-hundred-acre farm laid out to Simon Bradstreet in 1651, and conveyed by him to Daniel Morse, of Dedham, in 1652, and was known in ancient deeds as Morse's Farm, and is still owned by descendants of the original planter.

It was at the Bradstreet Farm that Morse built a bridge over Charles river in 1658, taking his timber from the Natick swamps, there being none near him as he asserts in his petition for the privilege. At the bounds of Morse's farms Eliot's praying Indians laid down a "wyer" to mark the limit of the possessions they gave into the keeping of the Apostle for the bettering of their souls.

After continuation, turn back on map and read the reverse of these last three strips

South Natick's Gala Day.

Last Monday was a red-letter-day with the South Natick people. The H. N. H. and Lib. Society held its second "Field meeting," which called together about two hundred persons among whom were S. B. Noyes Esq., of Canton, Mr. Huntoon, president of the Canton Historical Society, Mr. Trask, the genealogist of Boston, Rev. S. D. Hosmer of Hyde Park, prominent men of towns adjoining, and quite a large delegation from Wellesley College. Dr. Townsend, the president of the Society being necessarily absent., Elijah Perry Esq. of the committee of arrangements called the meeting to order, welcomed the company, and introduced the speakers as we reached the several points visited which included The old Indian Burial ground, The Old Cemetery, The Eliot Church, Hotel, Both places of Prof. C. E. Stowe, Newell House; House and Shop of Sam. Lawton—"Sam. Lawson" of Oldtown folks—Carver homestead, Pratt or Walker house, Dr. Brown place, Badger—or Parson Lathrop of "Oldtown"—house, Hezekiah Broad house, Rev. Oliver Peabody's home, The Old Bacon house, The Goulding place, Elijah Esty site, Glacier Rock, site of First Grist-mill in town, Home of the first white settler, at each of these some historical facts were stated and at some the spots were inspected by the company. The day was fine, the company pleasant, and all passed off very successfully, and we all look forward with interest to another Field Day of the Society.

In response to many requests we give the descriptive papers entire in the order in which they were delivered, excepting the two following which were received too late for a place in the supplement.

THE BACON HOUSE.

HORACE MANN.

This place is the ancestral estate of the branch of the Bacon family that first settled upon the west bank of Charles River. It was once in the possession of a Whitney family, and was occupied a short time by Jeremiah Bacon, who married Anne Whitney. The next owner was Oliver Bacon, the son of John and Elizabeth Griggs Bacon, of Dedham, born about 1724, and who married Sarah Haws, of Needham, in 1749, and was the father of John, born about 1761, who married Mary Ryder, of Natick, about 1791, and was the father of

Oliver, John, Willard, Ira and Mary, and possibly others. He had a second wife, Vina Morse Pratt, mother of a portion of these children. By purchase, John Bacon acquired a large landed estate in Natick, upon both sides of the Charles river, and on Carver Hill. It was opposite this house that the Indians had a foot bridge over the river, the foundations of which are still visible. This house was built before the Revolutionary war. During the Revolution Oliver Bacon was influential in forwarding measures to support and carry on the war, and several times furnished loans to pay the Continental soldiers. He was an advocate of a specie currency, and stipulated that all loans should be repaid in "Hard Spanish milled dollars." John Bacon was a farmer and maker of wooden pumps, and built the factory now owned by Joshua Parmenter. By the thrift and industry of this family, and the generosity of one of its members, the town is the recipient of a noble and bounteous gift. The house, with its wide fire-place, its rough beams, its hand-made clapboards, and wrought nails, is a specimen of the skill and handicraft of a race who wrought earnestly and well, and is a relic which should be preserved as an illustration of the methods and modes of life a century ago. H. M.

JOSHUA BRAND.

Owned and occupied a small house which stood beside the old well just beyond the Walker house. He was an Indian, and one of the most noted of the physicians so numerous among that people. He married a white woman, who was spoken of as a "tidy wife."

Mr. Austin Bacon spoke in high terms of the doctor and his family.

Dr. Brand and Jonathan Carver were contemporaries and near neighbors, and that the intercourse between the families was most intimate and constant, the beaten path from one house to the other amply proved; it was said the children of each house were so warmly welcomed in the other as to feel equally at home in both. The doctor died, and his widow was long known as "Nurse Brand", which indicates her vocation during her widowhood. One daughter was married and went to Medfield,

where she died about 1837. The house passed away long ago, and only the well remains to mark the spot which was once the home of Dr. Brand.

The following stanzas were received too late to be used at the centennial celebration last June. No clue to their authorship was furnished, nor was it known here until recently that they were written by a distinguished native of this town—Mr. A. W. Thayer, for many years the American consul at Trieste, otherwise they would have appeared in the CITIZEN as soon as received.

Stanzas for the Centennial Celebration of the Town of Natick, Mass., June 1, 1881.

BY A. W. THAYER.

The forest gloom unbroken lay,
Save where the glancing beam
Begemmed the lake and stream;
And where, from cheerful toil, to-day
Content and comfort flow,
The rude, red hunter sought his prey,
Three hundred years ago.

What music flows so soft, so clear
The forest glades along?
'Tis Christian morning song!
For humble homes their roof-trees rear
And fields the plowman know,
Of Eliot's Indians gathered here,
Two hundred years ago.

Poor natives! short their day of grace!
There song is heard no more
On lake or river shore.
A new and energetic race,
Strong both in weal and wo,
Already filled their vacant place
One hundred years ago.

It vaunted not its "azure blood,"
Nor ancient pedigree;
An exile race, but free!
This was their boast; they made it good
Against a mighty foe,
When on the battlefield they stood,
A hundred years ago.

"Self-balanced on its centre hung,"
Source of all power—the throne
In radiant glory shone;
Ornained by God, since time was young,
His deputy below.
So jurists argued, poets sung.
A hundred years ago.

And Liberty in sackcloth gray,
Oppressed by church and state,
In dust and ashes sate;
She groaned beneath despotic sway;
She starved mid pomp and show;
Like Zion's daughters "mourned the day"
A hundred years ago.—

When to the mount the Prophet went
And prayed, "Lord let me die!"
Lo, God the Lord passed by.
A tempest, rocks and mountains rent,
An earthquake raged below,
Devouring fire its fury spent,
Three thousand years ago.

An awful still, small voice then came,
Low sounding through all space—
God's presence filled the place!
Ah, not in tempest, earthquake, flame
Did God his presence show,
Nor did their wrath his will proclaim,
Three thousand years ago.

In Europe's annals age to age,
What lurid light'ning glows,
From revolution's throes—
Sedition's fires—rebellion's rage—
Revolt, uproar and—wo!
No "still small voice" on history's page,
A hundred years ago.

Like joyous bells afar, half heard,
Whispered, from man to man,
A sudden rumor ran;
It murmured low a hopeful word,
Quickened the pulse's flow
Roused hearts long sick with hope deferred—
A hundred years ago.

A "still small voice" of Liberty
Now trembling on the ear,
Now swelling low, but clear,
As if breeze-borne across the sea
In gentle ebb and flow,
It sang a choral of the free
A hundred years ago.

Strange tidings those to Europe brought!
A small colonial town
In conflict with a crown!
With what grand consequences fraught
No prophet could foreknow—
They lay beyond the sphere of thought
A hundred years ago.

What seer could even dream, that then,
In humble colonies,
Far off beyond the seas,
In rude New England, lived the men
To strike the mighty blow,
That Europe's hope should wake again,
A hundred years ago?

"With sword, a quiet peace, they sought,
Peace under liberty,"
The quiet of the free.
It was a high and holy thought
That set their hearts aglow;
For equal rights of man they fought
A hundred years ago.

This was the principle divine,
The strong fraternal band
That nerved each heart and hand.
Though oft at Freedom's sacred shrine
The fires burned dim and low,
Nor hope, nor faith did they resign,
A hundred years ago.

Though "rebels" to a crown, they he
In reverential awe

The majesty of law.
The laws, to justice, still compelled—
Alike the high and low
With steady hand disorders quelled,
A hundred years ago."

They scorned the "sacred rights" of
birth,
Of kings, of rank, of caste—
The rubbish of the past;
But, elsewhere, not on God's wide earth
Did men such honor show
To mental power and moral worth.
A hundred years ago.

Hence were their leaders strong and
brave,
Sagacious to devise,
In action prudent, wise;
Men, who, in doubts and perils grave,
A stern, unflinching "no!"
To all weak halting counsels gave,
A hundred years ago.

A wondrous story! how our sires
From forum to the field,
From words to arms appealed—
Lighted a revolution's fires—
And fanned to fervent glow,
Of false old theories, the pyres,
A hundred years ago.

Success their names immortal made,
But still a nobler claim,
Have they to endless fame.
In that calm wisdom then displayed,
To which their children owe
Our State's broad, deep foundations, laid
A hundred years ago.

They made this truth the cornerstone,
That "man has rights," it ran,
"Because God made him man."
"No "sacred" sceptre, crown, nor
throne
Did their new system show;
It owned the people's power alone,
A hundred years ago.

Established firm by free consent
Pure as New England snows,
The edifice arose.
It was a form of government
The world did not yet know—
A marvellous experiment
A hundred years ago.

Its germ—oft has the tale been told—
Lay in that simple deed
Devised for present need,
On Pilgrim parchment first enscrolled,
Which still, through weal and wo,
The Plymouth colony controlled†
Two hundred years ago.

* Sidney, Motto of Massachusetts.

† Plymouth and Massachusetts were united in
1692.

When numbers multiplied, of course
The people's will found voice
In agents of their choice.
So rose our towns—the only source
Our ancestors could know
Of public, law-compelling force
A hundred years ago.

The towns combined—they are the State.
They through their deputies,
Control its destinies.
They framed it; they have made it
great;
Its honors they bestow;
They bore its burdens, risked its fate,
A hundred years ago.

If such our town, well, well it may
Its citizens inspire,—
In patriotic fire,
With jub'lant speech and festive lay,
With joyous pomp and show—
To celebrate its natal day,
One hundred years ago!

NOTE. "Town" is here used in its New Eng-
land sense, signifying the smallest incorporated
political subdivision of the State.

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